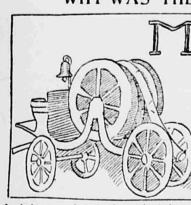


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WHY WAS THE HOSE ROTTEN?



AYOR M'CLELLAN has directed an investigation of the Fire Department hose and why so much of it burst at the Parker Building fire.

Now that three firemen are killed and two million dollars of property destroyed, something, of course, must be done.

The condition of the hose was well known. It was rotten. The Board of Fire Underwriters made a public report that 287 lengths of 3inch hose and 627 of 21/2-inch hose had burst in the preceding ten months.

Of the hose that burst 116 lengths were sold to the city by the Windsor Fire Appliance Company less than three years ago. None of this concern's burst hose had been replaced, as the contract called for. The Windsor Fire Appliance Company was a \$1,000 company, or-

ganized by M. Francis Loughman, who is the present deputy to John

H. O'Brien, now Water Commissioner, and in 1906 Fire Commissioner. This \$1,000 company sold the city \$17,000 worth of hose manufactured by the United Globe and Rubber Works. Unless the Windsor Company made no profit the city could have saved money by buying

the hose direct. Why did not the city buy direct?

Obviously because M. Francis Loughman had a pull and the United Globe and Rubber Works had no pull.

Why did M. Francis Loughman have a pull, and wherein did his

After the Windsor Company had sold the city this hose that burst it went out of business, and Water Commissioner O'Brien put M. Francis Loughman on the city payroll as Deputy Water Commissioner.

Commissioner O'Brien writes to The Evening World finding fault with the paragraph printed Jan. 14:

"Manufacturers say that the reason is that specifications which were changed in 1905, when John H. O'Brien was Commissioner, make it almost impossible to manufacture hose that will stand high pressure."

This paragraph was printed in quotation marks, and was preceded by the line:

"In an interview Fire Commissioner Lantry is quoted as saying.'

At the time Mr. O'Brien's present deputy sold the city hose which burst Mr. O'Brien was not Fire Commissioner, but secretary to the Mayor.

Mr. O'Brien writes further:

"You also say: 'The water supply was also short. The pressure was weak.' The water pressure at the Parker Building fire was the maximum available under the only system known in New York until Mayor McClellan projected the high pressure fire service. The efficiency of the Water Department at that fire was 100 per cent."

Here again the question of fact is with Fire Commissioner Lantry and the firemen on the job. Also with President Townsend, of the Manhattan Rubber Company, who says, in the New York Times, "Mr. O'Brien's memory is at fault."

Neither is The Evening World the authority for the statement printed above that the Windsor Company's hose burst. Those figures are taken from table 14, page 12, of the Fire Underwriters' report.



The Evening World has no controversy with Mr. O'Brien. Let him settle the question of who is to blame for the rotten hose and the lack of water pressure with Fire Commissioner Lantry, Chief Croker, the New York Board of Underwriters and the widows and orphans of Firemen John Fallon, Thomas Phillips and George O'Connor.

Letters from the People.

Praise for "Brooklyn Girl,"

I was very much interested in the let ter for them with the gentlemen whom as the teacher.
they are compelled to associate during business hours. Our "Brook-lyn Girl" is certainly fair-minded, and Where can I learn the correct way to where gentlemen are concerned.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A reader states that he (or she) thinks teachers are well paid. This reader To the Editor of The Evening World:

etates that it takes years for a sten- A reader asks if modern winters are
ographer to earn \$11.50 per week. How not milder and later in beginning than and finally become a tracher Year usually "white" and reader says that a stenographer's elualways so. Whiter by cation "must be high." Must it? I it begins and ends a

*tarted with \$6 per wook. After three I was very much interested in the let /ears they are making \$10 per week. ter by "Brooklyn Girl," in regard to Admitting a great deal, when the teachthe folly of stenographers objecting to er receives \$11.50 the stenographer regentlemen smoking in the office. I am ceives the same wages. Besides, redelighted to know there are five gen-tlemen employed at the same office with this "Brooklyn Girl" who can enjoy the pleasure of an occasional smoke without the least fear that the unting from public school at fourteen stenographer would object. If others and starting with 55, being advanced in would follow the "Brooklyn Girl's" salary \$1 a year at the end of six years idea undoubtedly affairs would go bet- she will have the same salary, almost,

In Any Eliquette Book.

ought to succeed in every seen of life handle a knife and fork at a table, in School Tenchers' Pay.

School Tenchers' Pay.

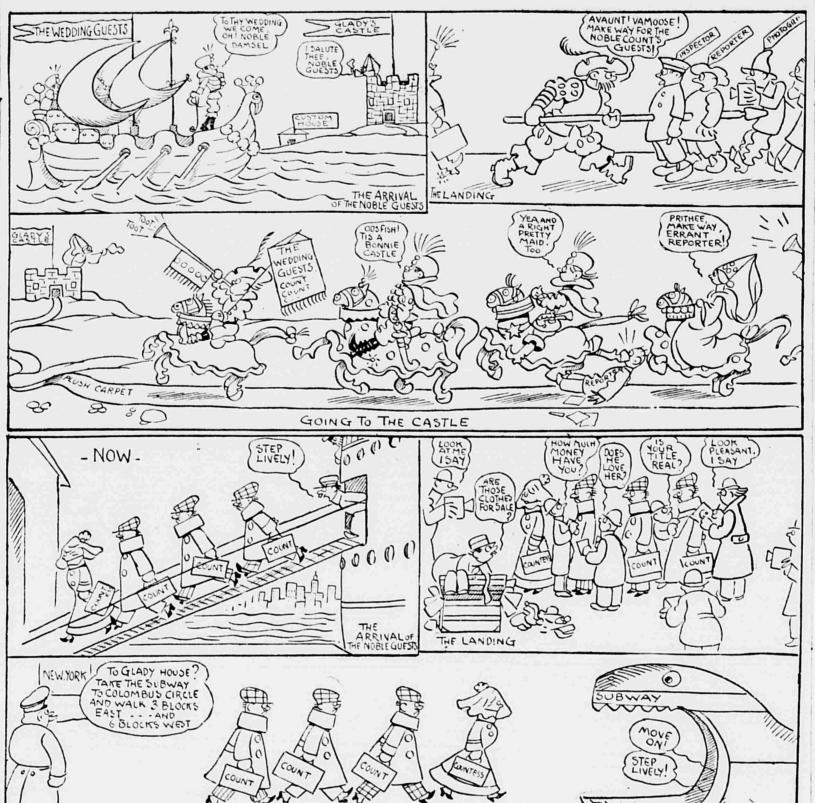
At any large book store you can buy some good work on eliquette. "table manners," &c.

Senson's Changes.

about the teacher? The latter must those of forty or fifty years ago. They spend at least six years in studying (af. are. I can remember when there was school); then to serve as a sub-titile. Brustway and when Thanksgiving was and finally become a tracher Year usually "white" and Christmas nearly reader ways that a steamer when a like always so. Winter began early in Noknow of stenographers who did not Who can explain?

Ye Olden Days and Now.

By Maurice Ketten.



If Women Are Spoilt, Overdressed and Foolish, It's the Men's Fault; That's Mrs. Jarr's Idea; and Jarr Says, After All, She May Be Right.

GOING TO THE CASTLE

By Roy L. McCardell.

Miss Lonely Takes Auto Bump for Mr. Man's Sake

"If that is so, whose fault is it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. she's better off!"

"I can't see how you say that." said Mrs. Jarr. walnuts and tailors' dummiss men with padded shoulders and girlish features. panion to you!" What kind of books are in vogue? Books like 'Three Weeks.' Why? because

"Now you leave my friends alone!" said Mrs. Jarr quickly, wonder what our grandmothers would say if they could be try to keep from looking old; and if poor Mrs. Kittingly is a divorcee, it is aboth knew, was to be Siegfried, future son of Sieglinda, only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any

the women have their own way so much that they have become selfish, lazy, prodigal and with no thought of any. "Yes," said Mrs. Jarr. "but Mrs. Kittingly says that the court ga "Yes," said Mrs. Jarr. "but Mrs. Kittingly says that the court gave her more knony than her husband gave her pin money or to run their apartments, so

see and hear of the things that modern women do?" "Our grandmothers, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr impatiently, "The women of to-day are all right; it's all the men's fault!" "It is not!" said Mr. Jarr warmly, "And yet you are "Oh. I dare say" said Mr. Jarr warmly, "And yet you are "Oh. I dare say" said Mr. Jarr warmly, "And yet you are "Oh. I dare say" said Mr. Jarr warmly, "Said Mr. Jarr warmly, "And yet you are "Oh. I dare say" said Mr. Jarr warmly, "And yet you are "Oh. I dare say" said Mr. Jarr warmly "Oh. I dare say "said Mr. Jarr warmly "only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brutes and treated her like tyrants, and, any only because her husbands were brut

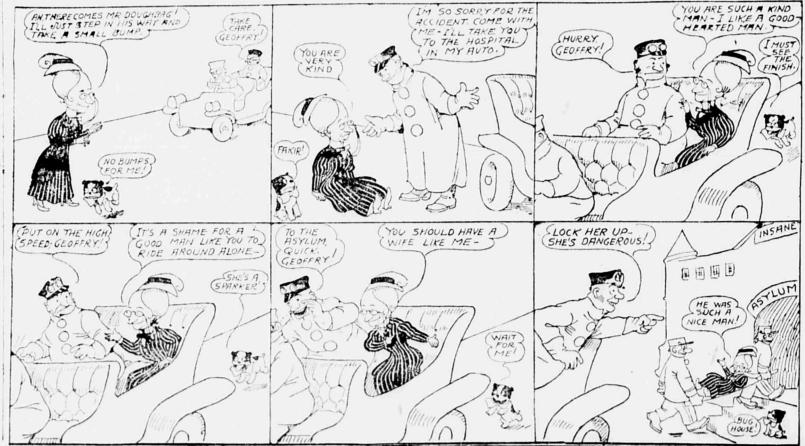
"It is not!" said Mr. Jarr, warmly. "And yet you are right in part. The men of this country have been letting talking about. All they do is to dress and run around; if she had stayed at

"Oh, maybe you are partly right," said Mr. Jarr, interrupting the flow of her with a sort of plays do we have, eh?" replied Mr. Jarr. "A lot of mawkish twaddle enacted by overdressed human male and female dolls. What kinds of plays and magazines? Women ten feet tall with heads the size of walnuts and tallors dumming men with malled shoulders and girlish features."

"Oh, maybe you are partly right," said Mr. Jarr, interrupting the flow of her developed that we can scarcely abide to look at our own sords. "Maybe you are looked to look at our own sords. "It is a miracle—one that happens very seldom. But secretly each one of the right, my dear. Well, anyway, I'm not going to neglect my home. I'll put in the rest of my life trying to show you a good time and being a chum and a com-

invelgled into Gus's place by Rangle and other wretches, and didn't get home official with a taste for letters can be miraculously afflicted with the magic of

"Have you read 'Three Weeks?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "No, I haven't!" snorted Mr. Jarr. "I have a better use for my time."



The Story of the Operas By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 17-WAGNER'S "VALKYRIE."

TN "Rheingold's" story it has been told how Wotan, king of the gods, stole from Alberich, the Nibelung (gnome), the magic Ring which made its owner ruler of the world; how Alberich placed a curse on the Ring; and how, in turn, Wotan was forced to yield the Ring, the Tarnhelm (wishing cap) and the treasares of Alberich to the giant Fafnir. Fafnir hid the treasure in a forest cave and, by means of the Tarnhelm, changed himself to a dragon who henceforth guarded the hoard. Alberich never ceased his efforts to regain the Ring. Wotan (knowing the Nibelung would, on regaining it, bring ruin on the gods) reared nine warrior maidens, known as Valayries, whose duty it was to snatch the souls of slain heroes and bring them to Valhalla, where, on the Last Day, they should fight for the gods. These Valkyries were led by Brunnhilde, Wotan's favorite daughter. • • • Siegmund, a brave, unfortunate man,



His father (Wotan in disguise) had soon after vanished. In striving to save girl from a marriage she hated Slegmundaslew her two brothers in fight. His weapons were broken and he was forced to flee. He took refuge in the house of Hunding, kiusman of the slain brethren. Hunding, by guest law, was forced to snelter the fugitive overnight, but warned the weaponless Slegmund to expect death in the fugitive overnight. pect death in the morning. Hunding's fair young wife. Sieglinda, pitied the handsome stranger and longed to save him. She drugged her husband and crept back to the hall where Siegmund rested. Pointing to a great tree trunk in the centre of the hall she showed him a sword imbedded in the wood. A mysterious stranger (Wotan) had driven the magic sword into the tree on the day of Sieg-linda's wedding and had said none but the greatest of heroes could draw it forth. Siegmund, with a mighty effort, wrenched the blade from the trunk and stood armed for his encounter with Hunding. But he and Sieglinda had already fallen unconsciously in love with each other. Intoxicated by the glory of the spring night they fled from Hunding's house. . . .

Fricka, goddess of marriage, was horrified at such conduct. She dethat her husband, Woun, allow Hurding to all Segmund. Wotan reluctantly yielded to her wish, and sent Brunnhilde to see the order carried out. Sieg-Stegraund had wished to return to meet Hunding, man to man, but Sieglinda would not correct. At last, on reaching the gorge, she could go no further, but rank exhausted. Resting her head in Stermund's lap she fell into the heavy sleep of utter fatigue. Scarce had her eyes closed when from her face beheld before him a glarious woman clad a skining armor. It was Brunnhilde, come to warn him of his impending fate. For to no mortals joy of Valhalla, and how his lost father and the world's heroes and Wotan himself waited there to welcome him.
"Shall Signlinda find me there?" he asked

"Then greet for me my father and Wotan and the merces," answered Sieg-mund, calmly, "I shall not go to them. Where Sieglinda abides I shall stay." Brunnhilde, overcome by his quiet fidency in throwing away the delights of Siegmand the victory in the coming fight. Scarce had she so derived when the pursuing Hunding drew near. The two rivals rushed furiously at such other, the invisible Brunnhilde holding her shield protectingly in front of Siegmuch As the latter was about to deal the death-stroke to his foe, Wolan appeared between the combatants. Sigmund's made sword was broken to splinters on the sacred spear of the god, and Munding stabled him to the heart, Wotan by a single glance struck Hunding dead. Then he hastened off to wreak vengeance on Brunnbilde's disobedimee.

Erunnbilde, meantime, had snatched up the broken sword and, lifting Siaglinda to the lack of the Valkyrie's flying borse, had sped away through the

which was the accustomed meeting place of the Valkyries on their viv from earns to Valhalla. There she told her eight sisters what she had done and hilde carried the half-fainting Sieglanda into the forest tracer Fain'r guarded the Nibelungen treasure, for she knew Wolan himself dared not enter that wood.

certainly appears to be the era of marital unrest, blonde, a natural blonde; she may touch up her hair a little, but it's no disgrace of fear, should pass through the flames and awaken her with a kiss. This hero,

The Man With the Words. By Rudyard Kipling.

work? Who is it want to see them overdressed and covered with jewelry and running around to entertainments? The men."

"That's exactly what I was saying," sail Mr. Jarr. calmly.

"Well, then, don't blame the women!" snapped Mrs. Jarr.

"But I do," said Mr. Jarr. "They can't run their own affairs, or they wont.

They want to live in apartment houses and don't even tidy their own rooms or comb their own hair or make their own dresses. They must be waited on hand and foot. Not content with that, they drag down art, literature and the drama to their silly and mawkish tastes."

"I can't see how you say the "can't said Mr. Jarr. "You can't see my point!"

"Oh, yes I can," said Mr. Jarr. "Men fill their wives' heads with foolish is survive for so long as it takes an oak to grow to timer size. But "Oh, yes I can," said Mrs. Jarr. "Men fill their wives' heads with foolish is survive for so long as it takes an oak to grow to timer size. But "Oh, yes I can," said Mrs. Jarr. "You can't see my point!"

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"Oh, yes I can," said Mrs. Jarr. "Men fill their wives' heads with foolish is survive for so long as it takes an oak to grow to timer size. But that guiding warns us not to trust to chance in a mutter of the suprement concern. In this durable record, if anything short of insupremest concern. In the data they guide they war then they get tired and neglect their homes and their wives, join clubs, stay out then they get tired and neglect their homes and their wives, join clubs, stay out then they get tired and neglect their homes and their wives, join clubs, stay out they guide the words and net in any man. Withouts, a common they small of the tribe is in the words and not in any man. Withouts, a survive for so long as it takes an oak to grow to the survive for so long as it takes an oak to grow of the survive for so long as it takes an oak to grow of the survive for so for the first year or so of married life. HE chances are almost astronomically remote that any given tale and foot. Not content with that, they drag down art, literature and the drama wives they are bored to death and read the papers and never speak except to their silly and mawkish tastes."

"I can't see how you say that," said Mrs. Jorn "Oh, maybe you are partly right," said Mr. Jarr, interrupting the flow of her nations into and out of captivity, can open to us the doors of three worlds, or

may be wrought again through him. And why not? If a tinker in De ford "That's awfully sweet of you!" said Mrs. Jarr, kissing him and swelling with jail, if a pamphleteering shopkeeper, pilleried in London, if a muzzy Scotchman, virtuous resolves. Mr. Jarr stepped down to the corner to get the papers, was if a despised German Jew or a condemned French thief, or an English Admiralty

the necessary words, why not any man at any time? Our world, which is only concerned in the perpetuation of the record, sanctions that hope as kindly and just as cruelly as Nature sanctions love. All it By F. G. Long took that nope as kindly and just as cruelly as Nature sanctions love. All it suggests is that the man with the words shall wait upon the man of achieve. nent, and step by step with him try to tell the story to the tribe. All it demands is that the magic of every word shall be tried out to the uttermost by every means fair and foul that the mind of man can suggest.-Illustrated Sun-

An Excuse for Women's Coquetry.

By Paolo Lombroso. EMININE coquetry has one capital excuse—its cause is entirely masculine.

For the craving of women for elegance, luxury in dress and their extravagance in jewelry and other ornamentation are merely an outcome of eir destre to please man, to attract his attention and conquer him.

As Sig. Cadalso discovered not long ago, the instinct is irresistible even among

women in prison, writes Prof. Lombroso in the Chicago Tribune. Complete isolation from the outer world, the fact that they can never be seen by men, is not sufficient to stiffe in them the desire of being beautiful and elegant. Prison rules in Italy are most strict, especially so far as the dress of the prisoners is concerned. Powder, scent, cosmetics and all other handmaids of vanity are for-

bidden, but coquetry is stronger than rules. Several prisoners found the means of powdering their faces. They patiently licked the walls of their cells, masticated the whitewash and thus obtained a kind of white paste, with which they proudly coated their faces. One woman was found with her cheeks covered with rouge like a ballet girl. No one could realize how she had managed it. Her cell was thoroughly but vainly searched. Eventually the mystery was solved. In the nightgowns used by the prisoners there are a few red threads. This woman had patiently pulled out these threads one by en, had soaked them in water, and in this original way had made some rouge fq her private (3e.

"The Gospel of Saving."

By the Late Russell Sage.

HRIFT is an easy, simple thing, and it means so much.

It is the foundation of success in business, of contentment in the home, of standing in society. it stimulates industry.

It makes a man of the individual who practises it. The bees, the ants and the squirrels all provide carefully for a rainy day. Out of every dollar earned save 25 cents.

Don't gamble. Always keep in training for hard work.